ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

A. A. EARLE, PUBLISHER. | No More Compromise with Slavery. | TERMS, $1,25 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1. | IRASBURGH, VERMONT, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1856. | NUMBER 6.

Literary Selections.

SAVING TWO LIVES.

A NAVAL STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

From his boyhood upward, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of the well-known rock at the mouth of the river Dart. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property had been sacrificed on its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth that such a hideous danger can be left unbuoyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart hears some legend of its past misdeeds, and shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance, watching for another gleam of lightning, to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

"By heaven!" cried he, starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Heedless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After divers falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get down to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of—

"Help, help! We are drowning—we are drowning!"

"Where are you—are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rising rapidly on us, and our boat has gone down. Quick—make haste—make haste, if you hope to save us."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat."

"No, no!" shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer.

"God help you! It will soon be over," muttered Herbet, "and I fear I shall be lost too. My poor mother!" said he, throwing of his clothes one after another, "but it is a duty to try. Help me, God of heaven!" cried the youth, dropping on his knee for one moment; then running as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, he shouted out—

"I will swim to you."

He then plunged boldly into the stream, with nothing on but his shirt and trowsers, having previously tied the latter round his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took his leap the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river toward the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes he lifted his voice up—"Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gust, and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of the rock like some demon holding up his jagged head, while, clinging to it, in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in a single glance the human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about to swallow up all these three beings, Herbert detected in that countenance just the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large, full, speakiug eyes, with a small, delicate face; long flowing, and luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-striken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of this fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then, as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting his back against the stream, he said to the man, "Cannot you swim at all?"

"O heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where is your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly when that squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock when the squall took us."

"Stay," said Herbert; "what stick is that pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars entangled in the rock."

"All right," said Herbert. "Now listen to me," putting his face close to that of these two unfortunate people, whom he could yet scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outlines of their heads. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you or we shall all be lost. I will pull this oar from its sticking place, and while you put your two hands upon it—and nothing more, remember—this lady must place her two hands upon my left shoulder. Now, before we start off into deep water, is there any amount of your clothes that you can get rid of? The least thing adds to your weight, Men's clothes are heavy, ladies' are light, and do not so much signify."

"How can I get rid of my clothes, they are all so wet and clinging to me?"

"Well, I will help you. First of all there is your coat. Can you hold on by the rock with one hand for a few moments?"

"I think so."

"Very well, then; first let go your left hand gently, and I, with my right, will pull the sleeve off; then let go your right hand, and we will pull that off."

"But there is my pocket-book in my coat."

"Has it much money in it?"

"Yes, two hundred pounds."

"That had better have been left on shore in boating. Is it in notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, first of all, I will take out the bock. Let me feel. O, here it is; come, it is not so heavy as I feared; I will just stick that inside my waistband. Now, then, I am ready to pull off the left hand; take that hand off the rock. So; now hold fast. How the coat sticks! Hurra! that is done. Now, then, hold fast with your left hand, and let go the right. So; there he goes up stream to Totness," said Herbert, as soon as he had drawn the coat from its late wearer and thrown it to sink in the bubbling tide. "Now what boots have you got on?"

"O, luckily, I have got on shoes."

"Well, kick them off directly, then."

"I cannot—they are tied."

"Well, put one of your feet out, so that I can get at it, and break the shoe-string, So; that is it. There he is gone. Now the other."

"O, how the rock cuts my feet!"

"Never mind the cuts now; up with the other foot. I have him. There goes the second shoe. Now, how about gold watch and chain? Have you got one on?"

"Yes."

"Well, give it to me; I will do my best to throw it towards Dittisham shore. If it does not reach the dry ground, we may at least throw it so far into shallow water that it may be picked up next tide."

"Just take it off my neck will you!"

"I will. Ah, it's a nice watch. It is a pity to use it so roughly."

"O, here is my watch, too," said the lady, "if you will take it over my head."

"Thank you," said Herbert; and gathering the watches in his hand, he gave them a vigorous cast toward the shore, and saw them sink a few yards from it.

"Now, those will easily be recoverable to-morrow. Have you anything else about you—keys, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," said the lady.

"I have some silver in my trowsers pocket," said the gentleman.

"Pitch it all into the river," said Herbert; this is one of those occasions on which money is a curse to man."

"Just put your hand into my left trowsers pocket and take it all out, then."

Herbert did so, and produced a whole handful of silver, which he threw after the watches.

"Now, then, we are as light as we can get. The water is rising very rapidly. Be ready to start. You must neither of you attempt to breathe through your mouths; you must breathe through your nostrils, and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you toward Dittisham; but remember that both your lives depend upon not lifting a single finger above the water. If you do that, you will sink; if you do not do that, you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now, then, may God help us!" said Herbert, and, laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other, after a little difficulty he succeeded in extracting the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock, in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, "just lay your two hands here where the leather is."

"But if I let go of my sister she will sink."

"No, please God, she shall not. Here, madam, place both your hands on my left shoulder before he takes the oar. Now rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water, both of you."

As Herbert said this he slipped round to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated; and, as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the water.

"O, I am sinking! O, I am sinking!"

"O, no; you will not sink. Keep your head down, and rest on me. Now quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will! I will!" gasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning!" I am drowning!" shrieked the man.

"No, no; you are all right now; keep your courage up—we will soon be on shore." And Herbert, getting sufficiently out of his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth, and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy toward the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded, in about ten minutes, in getting them into the still water made by the projecting race as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where the scene of this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, the water not coming above the waist.

"Thank Heaven, we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm round the waist of the gentle being who, without, a murmur, had so implicitly followed his instructions; but when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert (no ways reluctant, be it confessed) caught her light and graceful figure in his arms, and while the long disheveled hair fell down, streaming with water, he raised her little, tiny feet, as she lay in his embrace like a pale statue. Even in that time of excitement, he could not help momentarily glancing, with an admiring eye, on the lovely features he pressed to his bosom; but the darkness was too great to do more than just assist the imagination in believing that nothing could surpass her beauty.

"Come along quickly, my boy," said he, turning to the brother, who, to his astonishment was so overcome with the danger through which he had passed that he remained floundering in the water up to his neck, unable to rise.

"Help me, help!" cried he; "all my strength is gone."

"I cannot help you, my boy. I have to carry your sister. Come, jump up like a man; all the danger is over now—put your arms around my waist, and I will walk slowly to the shore. Cheer up, my lad; we will go and get a draught of wine and some dry clothes at the village inn, and you will soon be all right."

"O, I shall die! I shall die!"

"Nonsense—die! You were very near it just now, and that is quite enough for you. Come along, come; put your arm out; that is it. There, now, clasp me round the waist with the other hand—so; that is it. Make an effort to come along. You will soon be out of it. So, man, that is it. My eyes, what tremendous lightning! Ahoy there!—Dittisham ahoy! Help!" cried Herbert, shouting with the voice of a stentor, overjoyed and restrung with the delight of having saved two fellow-creatures.

That flash of lightning had done good service, for some of the old fishermen, looking out from the village inn, had caught sight of three stragglers, and perceiving a lady lying helpless in the arms of one, and the other floundering in the water, two or three men rushed down.

"Here, sir, give me the lady," cried one.

"No, thank you—never while I live," said Herbert. "Here, you may take this gentleman off my waist if you like. That is right; so, well done. Now run, one of you, over to the inn, tell them to make roaring fires in their best bedrooms; get plenty of blankets and mulled port wine, and if they have no wine some hot spirits and water.

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the men, hearing at once, from the decisive tones of Herbert's voice, that they were speaking to one accustomed to command, and of a rank superior to themselves; and, in five minutes more, Herbert bore his lovely burden into the little village inn, and, having moistened her lips with wine, she eventually opened her eyes, and uttered the words, "My brother!"

"All safe," said Herbert.

A gentle pressure of the hand returned the lady's thanks more expressively than words could have uttered, and if Herbert had doubted how well his heroic labors were appreciated, that doubt would have been dispelled by some words that followed.

"I do not quite hear," kneeling and placing his ear close to her lips.

"See to your own clothes before you catch cold."

"God bless you!" said Herbert, "I will," pressing her fingers to his lips; and then, as he covered them carefully over from the cold, he saw her gentle eyes close, and the big, bright tears gush from under those long and darkly-fringed lids.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say, If I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task—is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance.—*Cobbett.*

☞ Thackeray says a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone—what is once written on it can't be rubbed out. That is so. Let an heiress once fix her affections on a stable boy, and all the preaching in the world cannot get her heart above oat-boxes and curry-combs. What is written on her heart can't be rubbed out. The fact shows itself, not only in love but in religion. Men change their Gods a dozen times, a woman never. To convert a sister of Charity to Methodism would require a greater amount of power than you would need to overturn the pyramids.

☞ No franking privilege exists in England. Even the Queen has to pay her penny postage.

☞ Think of the pleasure of knowledge and the disgrace of ignorance.

☞ Contentment is of so great a value that it can never be dearly purchased.

☞ Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

☞ Set a value on the smallest morsel of knowledge. The fragments are the dust of diamonds.

☞ Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth dissimulation.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

There is scarcely a country on the map of the earth more interesting to either the Christian inquirer or the student of history than the kingdom of Abyssinia. Situated almost in the centre of the torrid zone, between the land of Egypt, the country of the barbarous Shangalla, the Red Sea, and the great African Desert, it seems cut off alike from the knowledge and the commerce of Europe. There are, nevertheless, links that it bind it to the sympathies of Christendom. Abyssinia was the ancient Ethiopia so often mentioned in the Scriptures, and governed by that queen Candace, whose treasurer was instructed and baptized by the Apostle Philip. The natives assert that their country was Sheba, and in the days of its ancient glory was governed only by queens; one of whom, having journeyed to hear the wisdom of Solomon, established the Hebrew faith on her return, which continued to be the religion of the land till it was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Philip. The story in the Acts seems, in some degree, to favor this tradition. The treasurer was probably the disciple of Moses before he became that of Christ; and it is certain, that not only did the persecuted Christians of Egypt find refuge in Abyssinia from the pagan Romans and the invading Saracens, but, ever since the middle of the fourth century, the form and profession of Christianty has been maintained in that African land, in spite of continual wars among its different tribes, and with the pagan and Mohammedan nations by whom it is surrounded. The light thus long preserved is, however, but a feeble flame struggling through the thick darknes of degrading superstition, dissolute morals, and general barbarism. The Abyssinian Church retains, besides a multitude of minor observances, that peculiar ceremony of the Mosiac law which Christian baptism suseded; it observes both the Jewish and Christian Sabbaths; and though never subject to the Romish pontiff, patronizes monachism, enjoins the adoration of saints and does little for the instruction of either people or clergy.

Abyssinia has, moreover, some natural features of peculiar interest. The country consists of mountain chains, with wide valleys, or rather plains, between them. One of the highest of these ridges divides it into two provinces, which, as it were, interchange the seasons. While the tropical winter pours down its continuous rain on the eastern side, the cloudless sky of summer bends over the western. When the rain sets in there, the summer returns to the east, and the natives follow that genial season by migrating with all their flocks across the mountains. The teff, or corn of Abyssinia, is a grain no larger than the head of a small pin. In its valleys grazes the great galla ox, with horns four feet in length. In its southern hills lie the fountains of the Nile, first made known to Europe by the enterprising and much-criticised traveler Bruce. Very few have followed his steps even in our traveling times. The track lies too far from European civilization. But the latest explorer, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, has lately published the notes and observations of a pedestrian journey through the whole length of Abyssinia in a very interesting work.

Like a true and hardy traveler, he assumed the habit and equiqments of an ordinary native, wearing the costume and accepting the privations of the country. His dress was a long coarse cotton scarf, with drawers of the same. A red cap, with which he reached the first town, was borrowed of him and never returned; the sandals were given up in less than a month, and for three years, Mr. Parkyn says, "I wore no covering to my head, except a little butter when I could get it, nor to my feet, except the horny sole, which a few months' rough usage placed under them."

In this primitive equipage the traveler journeyed over the great plains. Many are his strange pictures of shepard villages, with flocks grazing on the boundless pastures round them; of circular churches, with thatch roofs and pillars of cedar; of mountain fortresses built high on the gray rocks; of towns with earthern ramparts, and merchant caravans with their laden oxen and elephants. Mr. Parkyns also tells us something of the courts and camps of those petty and rather uncertain princes, whose wars and usurpations make up the history of the land of ages.

A prince of a somewhat amiable character offered to confer on the English traveler the government of a district called Rohabaita, which, strange to say, is nothing less than the happy valley of Johnson's "Rasselas." The imaginary description given of it by the learned doctor, if at all true in Abyssinia's ancient and better days, is far different from the present appearance. Mr. Parkyns describes it as a deep, marshy valley surrounded by high and sandy hills, on the steeps of which poor villages are built, whose inhabitants cultivate millet, and depend for water all the dry season on what the sand flats retain of the winter rains. Our traveler thought proper to decline that preferment, particularly as he would have been obliged to defend his province continually from a neighboring tribe.

He describes the people of Abyssinia in general as rude, but hospitable; low in their domestic morals, backward in all the arts of life, and addicted to many singular and silly superstitions. By one of these, all blacksmiths are regarded as possessed of supernatural power's; and a story which Mr. Parkyns found in high credit, illustrates at once the ignorance and credulity of the people. A certain old woman in the neighborhood of Adoua, to all appearance died, and was buried; but on the following night the priest, who in Abyssynia acts as sexton also, was visited by a noted blacksmith, who for a consideration, obtained leave of his reverence to remove the body privately. After this, it was remarked that the blacksmith rode a remarably fine ass, which, as it passed the houses of the deceased woman's married sons, on the way to market, always brayed loudly, and endeavored to enter their doors. One of the sons at length began to suspect that there must be somewhat magical in the business. By his instigation a rising of the village took place, the blacksmith was seized, ass and all, the priest gave his evidence against him, and the sorcerer confessed that his ass was the young men's mother, who had not died, but had been cast into a trance by his art, and afterward transformed into the quadruped he rode to market. His power extended no farther than the body; the human feelings and memory remained; hence the recognition of her children. The blacksmith offered, provided his life were spared, to restore the old woman's wonted appearance. Mr. Parkyns could not learn the mode of exorcism, but when it was almost complete one of the young men, overcome by anger, forgot the promise the family had made, and ran the sorcerer through with his spear, to the great misfortune of the old woman, for one of her feet had not been disenchanted, and it remained asinine.

One cannot read these accounts of a far-distant and half-barbarous, yet remarkable country, without feeling how much our free and enlightened country owes to the Providence that has so largely blessed her. Let us hope the debt will be in some sense acknowledged by our missionary enterprise abroad, and our prayerful endeavors at home, that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, and that nation may rise up to call our country blessed.

REFRESHINGLY COOL.—A Conductor on a Western road was sent for by the President or Superintendent of the road one day, who rather summarily informed him that after that week the company would not require his services. He asked who was to be his successor, and the name was given him. He then asked why he was to be removed. After pressing the question some time, and failing to obtain a satisfactory explanation, a little light dawned upon him, and he addressed his superior officer nearly as follows: "You know, sir, I have a nice house, a fast horse, a splendid gold watch and an elegant diamond ring. *That fellow you have chosen to take my place has got to get all these things!*" It is said the argument was conclusive, and the Conductor was allowed to retain his position.

☞ Philosophy does not reward pedigree. She did not receive Plato as a noble man; but made him so.

☞ Calmness is the beginning and end of useful activity, indolence the beginning and end of uniform apathy for all activity.

☞ He who thinks he can find within himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

☞ He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.

☞ Men doat on this world as though it were never to have an end, and neglect the other as though it were never to have a beginning.

A BEAR STORY.

BY A CAALIFORNIAN.

It has long been asserted, and the prevalent opinion seems to be, that the indomitable and merciless scourge of the Sierra Nevadas—the grizzly bear—is incapable of ascending a tree—let the following story show that the exploit, while often attainable, is merely discarded as a custom, through the animal's fear. I was descending, at the close of one afternoon, towards one of those densely wooded ravines which abound in the mountainous regions of California, when a sight of one of these monsters, full grown, advancing directly in my path, drove me to the usual refuge of the nearest tree. There seemed at least, the distance of a quarter of a mile for the apparently slow and awkward creature to accomplish; yet the very few moments I occupied to attain the height of twelve or fifteen feet, were not more than sufficient to save me from his ravenous jaws. As I heard his heavy steps and his low and angry growl directly beneath me, and felt, or fancied I felt, the tall tree quiver with the weight of his huge paw, my rifle fell, and I gathered myself on the lowermost bough in time to see the faithful weapon maliciously abused. However, considering myself in security, I half enjoyed the rage and perplexity of the beast, till after repeatedly endeavoring to dislodge me by a shake of the tree, to my horror began to ascend. Retreating upon the limb, I measured the height, with the idea of a leap and a run for life. But a sudden thought certainly preserved me; for, stationing myself in the tree-crotch, above the bear, I patiently waited till his hot breath was felt in my face, and then poured a quantity of powdered tobacco into his fiery eyes. His grasp instantly relaxed, and with a roar of anguish he slid rapidly to the ground, where was enacted a scene of the most extravagant frenzy; he tore the frozen sod, and capered over the area of a mile in circumference in the most confirmed disorder, returning at last, desperately resolute, to the conflict. My hopes now began to fail. At best I was inexperienced; my last means of defence gone, and not knowing to what extent my besieger might venture, I half anticipated a most horrible death; but the emergency was to come. Glancing about me with scarce a hope of relief, I discovered a savage at no great distance, and attracted him to the spot by my outcries; but before he arrived, I was driven out among the branches, while my tormentor took possession of the crotch. My limb, as the sagacious animal proved by carefully testing it with an advanced foot, was far too fragile for his enormous weight, though perfectly adequate to my own; but the satisfaction to his cruelty was not to be so slightly forgone, and he immediately shook the limb so violently that it was broken at the trunk, and fell, while I seized a bough above, and hung suspended in the air. At this moment I heard the savage call; but he was unintelligible; while, suiting the instruction to my own wish, I attempted to swing myself upon a support, but tore the twig from its suspension, and fell upon the limb beneath. My antagonist was now descending the tree, and rushed upon me the moment he reached the ground; but the Indian, leaping to the rescue, drove his lance into the animal's breast, and turned the struggle upon himself. Seizing the occasion to secure my rifle, which, fortunately, was charged and not seriously damaged, as the beast passed me in pursuit of the savage, I placed the muzzle at his head, and fired. With redoubled fury he again turned upon me; but with a well aimed blow, the lance was driven to his heart, and he staggered aside, as his heavy paw grazed my arm. He had seized my weapon, however, and also the lance; but even by his own efforts, the latter was made his torture, while the Indian almost cruelly blinded him, by pricking his eyes with an arrow, and he was shortly after despatched.

☞ Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try true friendship.

WOMAN'S HEART.—Thackeray says a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone: what is once written, can't be rubbed out. This is so. Let an heiress once fix her affection on a stable boy, and all the preaching in the world cannot get her heart above oat-boxes and curry-combs. "What is written on her heart can't be rubbed out."—This fact shows itself not only in love, but in religion. Men change their gods a dozen times, women never.